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Journal : 2024 The Death of Man (Warning: Reader discretion is advised)



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Day 1:

Shit. I messed up this time. I am trapped, surrounded inside an old barn, with two exits. Well... three. Three exits if I ever felt like jumping thirty feet off the loft into a crowd of the undead. I'd be lucky if I even hit the ground and broke a leg then.

Get a hold of yourself Marshal! Clear your head and think of something quickly! Hang on.

This barn creaks like an old man's rocking chair factory. It's loud as hell, and the snarls outside don't help either.

Anyway, it is holding up like a champ though. I can give it that. There has to be at least a hundred out there, clawing their way through the old weak two by fours. I have to stop that, I'm scaring myself. How the hell does that even work?

Anyway, I am easily side-tracked, forgive me. You know, if a random lucky ass hole finds this and actually bothers to read it besides just use it for kindling. Regardless, I'm going to write this anyway. It keeps my sanity sane, and will always keep me busy.

Okay, so after my panic attack at the start of this journal, I boarded up the big swinging doors

with four, two by fours I found on a workbench in here. The hammer was so old that it broke in nine swings, so I had to use a rock. I also found an old-style wooden board-lock across the doors, but I didn't have time to use it. I had an idea to leave one board between me and a horde, for the sliding door. I placed two big hay bales in front of it, and used ratchet straps to hold them in place. And, to top it off, I used the hatchet

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from the toolbox to break the boards that were used as a ramp to the loft. I brought all the tools, my supplies (not very much left...), and a hunting rifle I found in a corner of the barn, with one bullet loaded into it, up here with me. I am officially safe, and stranded up here. All I can do, is wait. Damnit, I'm already bored.

The sun is setting, the moans have not stopped, and the creaking is getting louder. I need to try to sleep, but the noise is unb-

Fuck, I may have to try the third exit...

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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